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Immortal

Hopes



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Charlotte Thomas





THERE IS NO DEATH.

IMMORTAL HOPES

COMPILED BY

MARY J. CHISHOLM FOSTER

WITH A PREFACE BY

REV. JAMES M. BUCKLEY, D. D.

BOSTON

D. LOTHROP COMPANY

WASHINGTON STREET, CORNER OF STATE STREET



THE END IS NO DEATH

IMMORTAL HOPES

COMPILED BY
MARY J. CHISHOLM FOSTER

WITH INTRODUCTION BY
REV. JAMES M. BUCKLEY, D. D.

BOSTON
D LOTHROP COMPANY
WASHINGTON STREET OPPOSITE BROMFIELD

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1892
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D. LOTHROP COMPANY.



DEDICATION.

*This little book is lovingly dedicated to all who
mourn. May such hear the Divine Voice
saying to them: "Blessed are they
that mourn, for they shall
be comforted!"*

INTRODUCTION.

THE charm of books is not wholly in words, style and ideas. The name, personality and career of authors; the occasion for their writings; the typography, illustration and binding have given a fascination to many works which otherwise, though meritorious, might have been left unread. A new book from a favorite author cannot be read without the influence of his former writings affecting both the feelings and judgment.

Poems, short or long, have a life of their own, and often their greater or smaller circulation is inex-

plicable. Sometimes a single phrase makes them immortal.

The rest of the hymn which contains —

“Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long,”

is not worthy the name of poetry.

The modern fashion of illustrated volumes for the Christian festal days has a strong hold upon public taste and feeling.

This little Easter book is a cluster of mellow fruit from England, France and the United States, which suggests to us flowers of love which can never fade, and fruits of hope which cannot satiate nor decay.

New York.

J. M. BUCKLEY.

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There is no Death *Lord Lytton*

“The Undiscovered Country” (By permission) . . . *Edmund Clarence Stedman*

There is a Land Mine Eye Hath Seen
Gurdon Robins

For Thee, O Dear, Dear Country (Abridged)
St. Bernard of Morlaix
(Translated by Neale)



THERE IS NO DEATH.

THERE is no death ! the stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore ;
And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death ! the dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit
Or rainbow tinted flowers.



The granite rocks disorganize,
And feed the hungry moss they bear ;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.



There is no death ! the leaves may fall,
And flowers may fade and pass away ;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death ! an angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread ;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them " dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers ;
Transplanted into bliss they now
Adorn immortal bowers.



ONE OF OUR FAIREST, SWEETEST FLOWERS.



The bird-like voice whose joyous tones
 Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
 Around the tree of life.



Where'er he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint or vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same,
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life — *there are no dead.*



“THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.”

COULD we but know
The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
Where lie those happier hills and meadows low —
Ah, if beyond the spirit's inmost cavil
Aught of that Country could we surely know,
Who would not go ?



THE HOVERING ANGELS.



Might we but hear

The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,
Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear

One radiant vista of the realm before us —
With one rapt moment given to see and hear,
Ah, who would fear ?



Were we quite sure

To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure

To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit only,
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,
Who would endure ?



THERE IS A LAND MINE EYE
HATH SEEN.

They shall behold the land that is very far off.—
Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

THERE is a land mine eye hath seen
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright, that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glories fraught.

A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain ;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

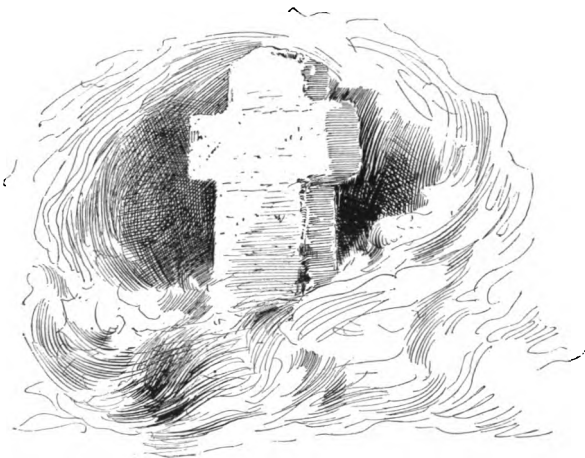
Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light ;
It hath no need of suns to rise
To dissipate the gloom of night.



There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode ;
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God.

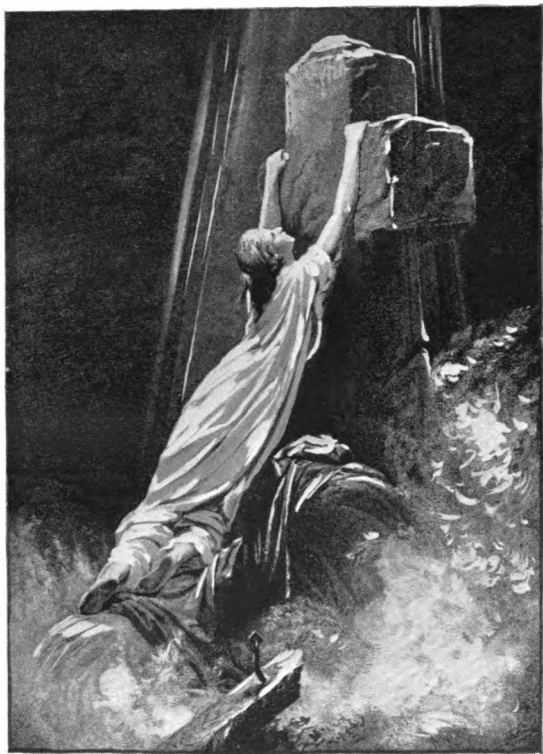
GURDON ROBINS.





FOR THEE, O DEAR, DEAR COUNTRY.

THOU hast no shore, fair ocean,
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!



ROCK OF AGES.

Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise the holy tower ;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect !
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect !



Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

ST. BERNARD OF MORLAIX.

(Translated by Neale.)

JUL 26 '58

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